

For the Children

THE CLOCK.

Cecil Trout Blancke.

When it is almost time for tea,
And you're as hungry as can be,
Aunt Josie's clock just seems to crawl;
The hands don't seem to move at all.

But when it's almost time for bed,
And you, and Isabel, and Fred,
Would like to have a little fun,
My, how that clock does leap and run!

When Fred grows up to be a man,
And 'vents things, like our Uncle Dan,
He's going to make a clock that goes
Just opposite to Auntie Joe's!

—The Sunbeam.

THE RICHEST GIRL IN THE SCHOOL.

Three little girls were going home from school together—Elsie Jameson, Dorothy Mansfield, and Marjorie Dodd. Elsie was not pretty, and her clothes were cheap and plain; but her eyes were bright, her cheeks were rosy, and her dress was tidy and trim. Dorothy walked between the others, and was so beautiful that people turned to look at her; she was slender and graceful, and she always dressed in white, with blue ribbons to match her eyes. Marjorie, the third one, wore glasses; she had a very pretty face, except for the scowl that was often upon it, and her frock was of rich material and made in the latest fashion.

Dorothy left them at a corner, and waved her hand and smiled back to them till she was out of sight.

"Isn't she sweet?" said Elsie.

"Good reason why!" answered Marjorie. "Anybody could be sweet with all her money. She has a pony to ride, and goes sailing on her father's yacht, and—oh, she has everything. A lady told my mother that Mr. Mansfield is the richest man in town, so Dorothy is the richest girl in school."

"It must be nice to have so much money," sighed Elsie.

"Yes; I love pretty clothes, don't you?"

"I—I guess I should," replied Elsie, looking down at her brown and white print.

"I want to wear a silk dress to school, but mother will not let me," said her companion. "I think she might; I guess my father's next as rich as Dorothy's. Good-bye," and Marjorie skipped up the steps of her home and disappeared inside.

"I wish I could have a pretty dress," mused Elsie. "I wonder why father hasn't as much money as the other girls' fathers. It must be lovely to be rich. Her bright eyes had grown sad, and her lips dropped sorrowfully.

"What are the sober thoughts about, little girl?" asked a happy voice at her side, and Elsie looked up to see her teacher, Miss Leland.

"Is it a weighty secret?"

Elsie flushed.

"Marjorie Dood was just talking about how rich Dorothy Mansfield is, and I was thinking it must be nice—that's all."

"So that's it," Miss Leland smiled, "Yes, Mr. Mans-

field has a great deal of money; still, Dorothy is not so rich as you are. I was thinking of it only yesterday, and I said to myself that Elsie Jameson was really the richest girl in school."

"Why, Miss Leland!" Elsie's eyes opened wide in astonishment.

"I mean it," said her teacher.

"To begin with Dorothy, she would seem to have every good thing—everything but a strong body. Her pony was bought in order to keep her out of doors more; but she has to be careful even about riding, she is so frail, while I don't suppose you know what it is to be tired."

"No," agreed Elsie; "but Marjorie is as strong as I, and rich, too."

"Should you like to give up your good eyesight for a little more money?"

"Oh, no!" Elsie laughed.

"And I think you wouldn't wish to be lame—like Albert Lampson, or lose your mother—like Elizabeth Hopkins, or have no baby brother—like Pearl Morris, or be deaf—like Natalie Johnson, or give up your place at the head of the arithmetic class, or have no father—like Jane Colt, or—"

"Oh, Miss Leland, I am rich, and I never knew it!"

"Yes; money never can make up for the loss of such riches as you have—you are truly the richest girl in the school."—Sabbath School Visitor.

LITTLE BLACK SOLOMON.

Claire was sitting up in bed waiting for the doctor. She had been sick for a fortnight, but now was almost well again. Dr. Bell was down in the hall talking with her mother, and in a minute they would both come upstairs to her. Sometimes the doctor brought her a little gift. Yesterday, it was a nest of three pretty pill boxes. She wondered if he would have anything for her today.

The door opened, and in came Dr. Bell, a puffed out paper held carefully in one hand. "You never could guess what I've brought you," he said. Then he put the paper on the bed and uncovered the wretchedest specimen of a little black crow that you ever saw.

"O-o-o—" cried Claire.

"I found him by the side of the road over on the mountain," said the doctor. "I knew he would die there, for he isn't old enough to fly; so I thought I'd bring him to you. If he lives, he'll make you a fine pet though he isn't very handsome at present."

"O, I shall just love him—I know I shall!" Claire exclaimed delightedly.

Master Crow cocked a bright eye up at her in a way to make them all laugh, and Dr. Bell said: "O, I shouldn't wonder if he turned out to be a regular Solomon for wisdom!"

"I'll call him Solomon!" cried Claire. "Wouldn't that be a good name?"

And so Solomon it was.

The bird grew fast, both wise and handsome; and by the time Claire was quite well, her pet was able to fly. At first there was talk of clipping his wings;